

# EX

REVENGE IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

# HUSBAND

MAGAZINE

TURN THAT  
BAD BOY  
INTO A **BASIC**  
**B \_\_\_!**

LIVES FOR LATTES!

LITERALLY,  
HE **CAN'T**  
**EVEN!**

LOVES  
**TAYLOR**  
**SWIFT:**  
SHE JUST  
GETS HIM!

WATCHES  
**THE NOTEBOOK**  
ONCE A  
WEEK AND  
ALWAYS  
**CRIES!**

**INSIDE:** HE CHEATED, AND NOW HE'S, LIKE, SO OFFENDED THAT HIS WIFE MADE HIM **CRAY CRAY** OVER OPRAH, STARBUCKS AND UGGS! BUT, HE TOTALLY BELIEVES THE UNIVERSE IS TELLING HIM SOMETHING! #CURSED

**CARRIE**  
**BRADSHAW**  
IS HIS GURU

SO **OBSESSED**  
WITH KATE  
MIDDLETON!

**CRAY**  
**ABBREVS.**  
**OBVS.**

Sometimes  
communicates  
entirely  
with  
emojis!

THINKS  
PUMPKIN  
SPICE IS A  
FOOD  
GROUP!



## Chapter One

In less than thirty seconds, Adam Silver's life would begin to change forever. As is so often the case in the fleeting seconds before a life changing event occurs, Adam had no inkling whatsoever of the sudden, radical change of course he would soon experience. Indeed, had one asked him how things were, he may well have answered, honestly, that things had never been better, bro. He'd finally gotten out of a terrible marriage, met a

new girl, and business at his sports bar, Score! Had never been better.

Adam stood behind the bar that day, mug tilted beneath the tap, golden brew flowing frothily into a heavy, chilled glass mug, feeling fully at ease. On the huge flat screen behind the bar and on all the TVs that surrounded the room, Adam's favorite team, The New York Colonials. They led the hated Boston Rebels 3-2, and with the season almost over and a three-game lead in the division, they were almost certainly playoff bound.

Just ten seconds to go now, and Adam cut the foam off the top of the freshly poured brew, then flipped a coaster onto the top of the glowing, cedar bar top and set the beer down in front of Ramski, one of the regular bros who practically lived at Score.

Ramski lifted his chin, in what passed for him as a thanks.

Adam leaned on the bar, feeling like starting up some conversation, and said, "Did you see the hat Kate Middleton wore to the christening the other day?"

The men at the bar all froze, staring at Adam.

“What?” He said, not fully even aware of how out of character had been for a bro like him, and how utterly unwelcome such girl talk was amongst these men, who came here in part to avoid enduring it from their wives and girlfriends.

Ramski chuckled, then guffawed. The other men then joined in, laughing as well. “You almost had me,” Ramski said. “Prick.”

“Like you give a shit about Kate *what’s her name.*” Alphonso “the Neck,” added.

Adam laughed then, too. What the hell did I say that for? He wondered. “I was just busting your balls,” he said. And yet, he could picture that hat in his mind— a drop brim hat by Tiffany and Company. It was so cute. Actually, he adored that hat almost as much as he adored the Princess Middleton. She was so— *Shit*, Adam thought, *what the hell is wrong with me? I don’t give a shit about Kate Middleton.*

And yet, at the same time, he was now aware that he, impossibly, was obsessed with her.

Adam’s ex-wife, Courtney, watched the whole thing from the couch in her living room. She smirked as he asked his bros about Kate’s hat, and then as his face scrunched up into a vision of angst and anxiety. She held a scrying stone in one hand, and on the coffee table in front of her lay a magazine entitled Ex-Wife Magazine, with the promise she could turn her ex into a basic bitch. She’d willed that Adam would be obsessed with Kate Middleton, and now the poor little thing clearly was struggling with this new and quite unmanly new quirk to his personality.

*Well, well*, she thought, *this will be fun!*

The rest of the night, Adam struggled and suffered. He couldn’t stop thinking about Princess Kate, and her amazing sense of style. He desperately wanted to dish with *someone* about her.

In the late afternoon, when things were pretty slow, he and his barback held down the fort, but as dinner approached the waitresses started to arrive for their shifts. Adam’s girls, as he thought of them, were all young and pretty, and they all wore the Score uniform— a tight little camisole and cut off jean shorts. Hot waitresses were, he believed, key to success in the bar business, and if they wanted to get down on the side, that was just a bonus, really.

But tonight was different. Tonight, as he looked at all those pretty, female faces, it took all his willpower not to bring up his new favorite subject. They, no doubt, had thoughts on Kate!

*But, no. I'm a dude, he reminded himself. I'm a bro. I do not talk about Kate Middleton— no matter how amazing she is.*

That night after closing the bar, he got home to find his girl, Lindsay, curled up on the couch watching some dumb chick flick. He gave her a quick kiss, wondering what she thought about Kate. But, no. He forced himself to keep his obsession hidden. He went to their bedroom, though, and climbed into bed with his smart pad, smiling with relief as he cycled through articles and pics of his role model, Kate.

## Chapter Two

Courtney didn't exactly hate Adam; she despised him. It wasn't even so much what he did. He never hit her or got physically violent. It was all the things he didn't do, like remember her birthday, their anniversary. When he'd first set his sights on her, he'd made her feel special, like she was the prettiest, most wonderful girl in the world, but as soon as they got married, he'd become a different person. He'd become cold, distant, dismissive. And, above all else, he'd taken to constant ridicule, making fun of everything she liked and loved, from her Uggs to her lattes. He'd made her hate herself, and since they'd separated, she'd struggled to trust another man, to let anyone love her. For that she didn't know if she would ever forgive him.

The day the magazine had arrived, neatly concealed inside a black plastic wrapper, it had seemed like someone had read her mind and delivered to her a fantasy she didn't even know she had harbored: Turn Your Husband into a Basic Bitch! The cover shouted. Revenge is a Girl's Best Friend.

Instantly, she knew: This is what she wanted for Adam.

And so that night, as she went to bed, she willed some more changes on the man who had ruined her life.

Adam, always working late at his bar, usually slept in until 9 or ten o'clock. Lindsay, however, was always up early and off to the gym for a 7am workout in the gym's Tone Room. She was always as quiet as could be as she got ready. Adam was so cranky when she woke him.

This morning, as soon as he felt the bed shift as Lindsay got up, Adam's eyes popped open. He sat up, filled with an urgency he didn't understand. "Hey," he said.

"Oh, sorry," Lindsay said, bracing for one of his pissy tirades. "I didn't mean to wake you."

"What? No. It's fine," Adam said. "You know, how about if I come to the gym with you today? We can work out together."

"Oh," Lindsay said. "Um, sure, but the class today is abs and glutes?"

“Perfect,” Adam said. He really needed to work on his abs and glutes! He’d been all about the upper body. He then said out loud what he’d been thinking. Hearing himself say it made him feel like he was losing his mind. “I really need to work on my ass. It’s so flat! This’ll be fun!”

Courtney couldn’t help but laugh.

“Um, okay?” Lindsay said, thinking somewhat sourly, *not that you’ve been making fun of my girly girl workouts for, I don’t know, forever? And since when is he worried about his ass being flat?*

“Cool. I’m so excited!” Adam said. Even as he got out of bed and started to get his gym gear together, though, he was mortified. Sounds fun? I’m so excited? And why the hell am I even thinking about taking a girl’s fitness class?

Adam’s logical brain and his macho wiring, however, were no match for the magic being worked by his ex. He felt compelled to take the class. And, glancing in the mirror, he shook his head with despair. His ass was a joke!

As they entered the Tone Room, Adam was pleased to see a room full of hot, lean young women in leggings and sports bras. Trying not to be too obvious, he let his eyes roam over their bodies, all perfectly packaged in those tight little clothes. Legs. Ass, Tits. It was like the opening scene in a porno.

Then, the room seemed to tilt, rocking from side to side like a ship in a storm-tossed sea. Adam wobbled on his feet as his head swam, his vision blurred.

“You okay?” Lindsay, who’d been chatting with some of her friends, said, putting a hand on Adam’s shoulder to steady him.

“Yeah. Just– yeah,” Adam said, but when he began to look around the room again, it was like the whole world had changed. He looked at these women’s fit, tone bodies, but he was no longer thinking about what it would be like to have sex with them. He now looked with– admiration? They were all so skinny! He felt lumpy and big and awkward, and those pretty little arms? That skin? Those sculpted asses? He lurved!

*I wish I had a body like her*, he thought, looking at Lindsay now with new eyes. At the same time, he was jealous of her cute outfits and the outfits of the other girls. He wore a pair of saggy shorts, a baggy t-shirt. It was plain and boring and not cute at all. /

*can't believe I came here dressed like this*, he thought, ashamed of how he looked, of his dumb, ugly body.

When the workout started, Adam worked hard, very hard. *I want to be skinny*, he was chanting in his mind. *I want a hot ass!*

Courtney burst out laughing. It was too perfect. It was all she could do not to just give him that feminized little body right then and there, but she wanted to take it slow. She needed him to suffer. In the meantime, she looked at the clock and frowned. Time for her to head off to work. She took one more look at her ex. He was on his back doing glute bridges, thrusting his hips into the air with all the other girls, a big, happy smile on his face.

## Chapter Three

Lindsay headed off to work after the gym, so Adam had a few hours to himself before he would go open the bar for the noon crowd. Now, alone in the apartment, he seriously considered therapy. He felt feverish, and his mind was consumed with girl thoughts he found repellent. He needed a new gym outfit, and he found himself online shopping, drooling over clothes— women’s clothes. Leggings and nylon short shorts, sports bras— why would I wear a bra? He wondered, racerback tank tops with messages on them like *I don’t Sweat. I Sparkle.*

*I’d look like an ass*, he told himself, that very thought immediately countered with another voice that said, *I’d look so cute!* It had taken all his willpower to leave them in his Come Back Later folder instead of just buying them outright, and part of what had steeled his nerve was the certainty that Lindsay would be humiliated if he showed up at the gym in leggings and a sports bra.

*Besides*, he told himself. *I’ll only have to buy new ones once I get my dream body.*

Reeling from his shopping obsession, he found himself reading article after article on how to shape and tone his ass— all aimed at women, and then obsessing over an article from Marie Claire on Kate Middleton’s diet. *It seems she’s a fan of something known as the Durkin Diet*, Adam thought, then proudly added, *and now so am I!*

Also, she was so into smoothies, and Adam felt a sudden panic at this new information. How have I survived without smoothies? He asked himself, horrified. Well, that would be corrected. Lindsay had a serious blender, as she was all about the smoothie. Adam noted all the ingredients Kate liked to put in hers— kale, spinach, cilantro, blueberries. Yes, yes, yes, he agreed. These were all things he needed and wanted if he was ever going to have skin like Kate!

“Fuck!” Adam screamed, freaking out. “Get out of my head! Get out of my head!” But the new voices were too strong, and as he freaked, consumed with an anxiety attack, he ran to the mirror and looked at himself. “I’m fat!” He said, horrified. “I’m ugly!” The tears welled up in his eyes, and he ran to the bedroom, throwing himself on the bed, burying his face in his pillow and sobbing uncontrollably.

Adam was not, of course, fat. He was quite lean. But he now hated the sight of all those bulging muscles.



Once Adam had cried himself out, he sat up, mortified and more sure than ever he needed professional help. He didn't understand where all these thoughts and obsessions had come from, and his tearful emotional outburst had unnerved him. Adam now faced another conundrum. He'd always said therapy was for women. How many times had he made fun of Courtney for seeing a shrink?

And yet—

*You know what?* He suddenly realized. I am so over-reacting! What I really need is a skim milk vanilla latte! Yes. That was all. The only therapy he needed was latte therapy! Relieved, he took a shower, came out feeling refreshed, and went to the dresser and grabbed a pair of panties. I have just enough time to swing by SunFawns before I open, he thought, feeling very happy as he pulled the panties up and—

Fuck. Feeling the panties squeezing his balls made him realize what he'd just done, and he almost screamed. Why the hell am I wearing Lindsay's panties? He yanked them off and threw them across the room. Omigod, he thought, do I ever need my SunFawns!

Adam, having forced himself to put on his regular male clothes, jumped in his car and headed toward SunFawns. "Hey, Bot," he said. "Shuffle Favs."

"Now shuffling playlist, Favs."

Electronic beeps. Some kind of dance pop. What's this? Adam's playlist was all hard rock. He was just about to cancel, when he heard the voice of Taylor Swift.

Put your lips close to mine

As long as they don't touch

Adam's heart skipped a beat. Okay. No. Why was I thinking of turning this off? I LUV Taylor! Soon, he was singing along, totally happy and feeling so centered:

The slope is treacherous

The path is reckless

The slope is treacherous

And I, I, I like it!

*Taylor just gets me,* Adam thought, smiling brightly as he sang. *It's like she's reading my mind with her songs!*

Not long after, Adam came bopping into Score! He had a latte in one hand, a smile on his face, and as he prepped the bar, he had Taylor running through his mind, his head nodding up and down to the beats. He was, for a time, blissfully unaware of how he was acting, but when he unlocked the door, Ramski, as usual, was waiting and came right in, heading toward his usual stool. He greeted Adam with a nod.

Adam dance-walked over to the bar, still bopping his head to Taylor, picked up his latte and gingerly took a sip, when the disgusted look from Ramski suddenly woke him up from his

trance. Ramski's look said it all: What the fuck are you doing?

Adam felt his cheeks flush. He put the latte cup from SunFawn's under the bar, straightened his back and crossed his arms. "Bro," he said, deepening his voice.

Ramski shook his head, a slight smile playing on his lips. "I can't tell if you're fucking with me or just fucked up."

"Just fucking with you," Adam said. Then, wanting to put a little more "man" into it, he added a grunting laugh. "Huh. Huh."

Ramski just grunted back. "Beer me," he said.

Adam, still blushing, poured the beer. *I really need to pay more*



*attention to what I'm doing*, he thought.

The other regulars drifted in. For a time, Adam maintained. Yes, he was thinking about Kate and Taylor the whole time, singing Taylor's songs in his head as he worked the bar, but he managed to hide that, and whenever he felt the urge to dance or bob his head, he stopped himself. Still, he was feeling isolated, alone. He so badly needed some friends who shared his interests! All these tired old drunks talked about was sports and politics. Would it absolutely kill them to spend one minute talking about what was up with Megan Markle?

As the girls arrived to start waitressing, the feeling only grew worse. Once more, he found himself seething with envy as he looked at their trim waists, round hips, plump rear ends. In particular, he found himself focusing on Brandi— she had a gorgeous, hourglass figure, glowing skin. When he'd hired her it was with the hope he might get a chance to sleep with her, but he was shocked now to realize he wanted— how was this possible? He wanted to BE her.

This is so wrong, Adam was telling himself as he imagined what it would be like to have her curvy little body, to look so hot in those little jean shorts. What's happening to me? At the same time, he really, badly, desperately wanted to be her friend now. He knew she also loved Taylor Swift, and she was so basic. He had to believe she loved Kate Middleton as much as he did. But, what if she didn't? Or, what if she laughed at him, a guy so obsessed with a princess?

Maybe I can test her? He thought. Bring up the Durkin Diet. That's not really a girl thing, is it?

As Adam was trying to figure out a way to bond with Brandi over what he hoped were their shared, feminine interests, Courtney had tuned in to see what was happening and decided on the next humiliation for Adam. Yes, this would be a fun one. She decided she didn't want Andy to notice this change right away.

Adam was mixing drinks for table three as his fingernails began to grow, stretching out over the ends of his fingertips. Courtney waved her hand, and now Adam had pink polished nails, with pretty white French tips. His hands, meanwhile, grew smaller, delicate and ladylike. "Table Three!" Andy called, placing the drinks on a server tray. Erin, the waitress, came to collect the drinks, glancing at Adam's hands and making a weird face.

What's up with her? Andy thought, He watched as Erin delivered the drinks then went right to Brandi, whispering something to her. They both glanced at Adam, and they exchanged quizzical smiles.

Andy shrugged and shook his head. What? He didn't even realize that as he'd shrugged, he'd held his hands out in front of him, giving the whole bar a look at his long, pretty nails.

Courtney chuckled. The looks Adam was getting from everyone around the bar were priceless, as was his confused, vacant response.

Ramski didn't even have a response. He just turned his eyes to the game, thinking, *I am not cut out for the modern world.*



While most everyone had decided it was best to ignore Adam's new look, Brandi couldn't help herself. She walked up to the bar, leaned against it and said, "Hey, Adam."

Adam leaned forward, too, putting his hands on the bar. Maybe this would be his chance? But, before he could speak, Brandi took his hand and held it out in front of her. "Your nails are so pretty!"

"Thanks," Adam said, looking down at his long, pink nails. His cuticles were neat, the nails perfectly shaped. It meant so much to get a compliment from a girl like Brandi, who was always so put together.

Brandi, curious and amused because Adam had seemed like such a dude, decided to push further. "Where did you get them done?"

"Done? Oh, I don't..." Suddenly, Adam saw his small soft hand cradled in Brandi's, his fingers outstretched, his long, shiny nails. He yanked his hand away from Brandi and shoved both hands into his armpits, panicking, humiliated. What the fuck? "I'll be right back!" He yelled to the other bartender, running through the kitchen doors and into his office.

He pulled his hands out of his armpits and held them in front of himself, horrified to confirm that he had long nails, like a woman, glossy, pink, with those white tips. And, these weren't his hands! They looked like a woman's hands. In fact, they were so perfectly feminine, he could now work as a hand model, if he wanted.

He remembered Erin's reaction, people at the bar staring at him. Everyone had seen. Everyone. I'm fucked, he thought. Ruined. Oh, hell. Goddamnit. Why is this happening to me?

Rifling through his desk, he found a pair of scissors. Holding out his index finger, he clamped the blades around the tip of his nail, but as he was about to cut it off, a terrified thought

consumed him: They're so pretty! How can I even think about it? I mean, I know how long it will take to grow them back, and fake nails aren't—

“Shut up!” Adam screamed at the voice in his head. “Shut the fuck up!”

He squeezed the scissors closed, and the nail snapped off. Adam gasped with relief. It had been a struggle, but he'd won. He was a man, and a man didn't—

No. No. Adam started in horror as the nail grew back, just as perfect and pretty as before, if not a little longer.

Adam sank into his desk chair and covered his face with his hands.

Courtney laughed and laughed and laughed. And then, she added a sweet little mental change. As the basic bitch he was becoming, Adam would now be obsessed with having perfect, pretty nails. Trips to the nail salon to get mani-pedis would now be compulsory, no matter how much he hated it.

Back at the office, a deeply demoralized Adam couldn't stomach the thought of facing anyone. He snuck out the back and dove into his car. Grabbing his phone, he set out to text his assistant manager. “Uh. Damn!” He found himself struggling to tap out the text, his long nails getting in the way. He threw the phone down, mortified. “I can't even text!” He cried out, feeling helpless.

Once more, Courtney loved every minute of it. Adam struggling with his nails? Too perfect!

Adam took a deep breath. *If girls can do it, I can do it*, he decided. Picking up his phone, he carefully used his long nails to tap out a message to his assistant manager. “Sick. Close up for me.” When he finished, he smiled triumphantly, and looked once more at those long, pink nails. The polish had a pearly luster to it. It was a pretty color! He was about to snap a picture of his manicure and post it to Instapic, when he caught himself and once more threw his phone down on the passenger seat.

“Be a man!” He said. “Be a fucking man!”

Courtney got a chuckle out of that one, too. She knew what he didn't; Adam had no chance to be a man ever again. The fact she knew it and he didn't just increased her feelings of power over him.

Adam, meanwhile, was struggling with whether he could even face Lindsay now. I mean, maybe he could hide these talons from her for a night, but she was going to see them eventually. They were, he was sure, done as a couple. There was no way she could respect him now.

“Play Taylor Swift,” he said, needing the relief her music always gave him. “Play Taylor Swift NOW!”

## Chapter Four

A sheepish, shy, insecure and anxiety-ridden Adam crept back into their apartment, his hands closed in fists and held behind his back. Lindsay was on the couch. She looked back, expecting the usual “hello” peck. “I’m heading to bed,” Adam said, moving sideways, keeping his hands hidden from Lindsay. Courtney loved seeing Adam feeling so insecure. It was how he’d made her feel all the time, and now he was dealing with it.

Lindsay noticed the no kiss, and Adam sidling along, hands hidden, thought, “What the hell?” It pissed her off not only that he was clearly hiding something, but that he thought she was so dumb she wouldn’t notice he was hiding something. Whatever. She went back to her show, but it kept bugging her. What was he up to?

Adam, for his part, was finding that everything had changed for him. When he undressed, when he picked up his smart pad, when he tried to click on things, he now had to adjust the way he held and used his hands to perform any task. He couldn’t see that he was now forced to pose his hands in distinctly feminine ways.

He crawled into bed and was reading more articles about Kate, of course, when his balls had felt itchy. Without thinking, he’d reached down to scratch them, jumping in pain as his long nails jabbed his ball sack. “Fuck!”

“You okay?” Lindsay called.

“Yeah, yeah,” Adam said. “I’m fine.”

The shout had made Lindsay even more curious, and her show had ended anyway. She decided to spy on Adam, though it wasn’t a real cool way to keep a healthy relationship. She got up off the couch and tiptoed her way over to the bedroom door, then he slowly, slowly turned the handle and just pushed it open a crack.

Adam was in bed, the table lamp next to him bathing him in a warm, golden glow. He had a little smile on his face. And— now Kate saw it. Adam clutched his Smart pad with one hand, his long nails bright against the black sleeve. His other hand was poised above the screen, index finger and pinky raised.

“Adam?” Lindsay said, pushing open the door.

Adam yelped and immediately hid his hands under the covers.

“I saw,” Lindsay said, approaching him. “I saw your nails.”

Adam felt sick with shame to have his woman see him so feminized. “I didn’t get them done,” he said, meaning to communicate, I didn’t want this.

“You did them yourself?”

“No! Hell no,” Adam said. He desperately needed Lindsay to understand. “It just happened! I was at work, and suddenly, I just had — nails.”

“You just spontaneously grew French Tip nails?” Lindsay said, thinking, *liar*. She could see Adam was embarrassed, and yet she knew nails like that just didn’t happen. She sat on the edge of the bed, confused and uncertain. “Let me see.”

“No. I feel ridiculous.”

“Let me see.”

Adam relented. She’d already seen, and he knew he couldn’t hide them forever. Closing his eyes, he pulled his hands out from under the covers and held them out. He felt Lindsay take one of his hands, much like Brandi had.

“They’re pretty,” she said. She didn’t remember Adam having such small hands. And so soft!

“I swear to God,” Adam said, opening his eyes, meeting hers. “I didn’t want this.”

Lindsay shrugged and let go of his hand. She’d never expected it, of course, or ever wanted it, but seeing Adam with those long, feminine nails triggered something in her. On some level, she liked it.

“Why don’t you cut them off?” Lindsay said. “Clear off the polish?”

“I tried,” Adam said. “They just came back. I know, it sounds crazy.”

“Show me.” Lindsay got a pair of nail clippers. “I’ll do it,” she decided, once more taking Adam’s little hand. She clipped off the nail on his index finger. It immediately grew back. “Shit,” she said. “How?”

“I don’t know,” Adam said. “But see? I wasn’t lying.”

“It’s like magic or something?”

“Maybe,” Adam said, “the universe is telling me something?”

Or telling me something, Lindsay thought. That night as she slept, she imagined she and Adam making love, but he was the one wearing a negligee, and a wig, and full makeup.

Adam woke. There was something in his mouth. It felt like a spider’s web, and he pushed as it with his tongue, then reached up and pulled a long strand of hair from his mouth. *Now what?* He sat up, hair tumbling over his eyes, falling softly over his shoulders. God damn. Lindsay was still asleep. Adam crawled out of bed and went to the bathroom, feeling his long hair bounce with every step.

In the bathroom, he drew the hair away from his face with a slender finger, shaking his head. It framed his face and fell all the way to his waist. And it was blonde? He was a blonde? Knowing it was probably futile, he grabbed a hank of hair and savagely chopped at it with a pair of scissors, watching the brutalized strands drift down into the white sink. As he suspected, it immediately grew back.

This was magic. Some kind of curse. Adam was beginning to sense where all this was heading. Someone was turning him into a woman. He felt it. He needed to find— he didn't even know. A witch? A sorcerer? An exorcist? Something. Anything.

But right now, he decided, he just had to do something with all this hair. It only made sense. Not even knowing how he knew what he was doing, Adam dug his tiny hands into his thick, lustrous hair, and began to style it. If I have to have long hair, his changed mind reasoned, I at least want to look good. He couldn't face the girls at the gym looking like a vagabond!

Lindsay woke, surprised to see Adam was already up and in the bathroom. She needed to pee, so half asleep, she padded over, stepped into the bathroom, and froze, meeting



Adam's eyes in the mirror. "Space buns?" She said, at the same time she was trying to process the fact her man now had long, gorgeous blonde hair.



"What else was I supposed to do with it?" Mike said, a hairpin clutched in his teeth, Lindsay's brush in one hand.

Lindsay, still exhausted, pushed her panties down and sat down on the toilet. At least he looks cute as a blonde, she thought, smirking, remembering her dream of Adam all prettied up for her.

Adam, the old Adam, couldn't stand the thought of facing all those beautiful women looking the way he did. The new Adam couldn't either, but it was because of his pretty hair and nails. It was because he still had a gross, disgusting, lumpy body. But, if he ever wanted to get skinny and have his dream ass, he knew he needed to work for it. Skipping the gym was simply not an option.

There was no way, though, he was going to show up to work looking like this. After class, he decided, he would text the assistant manager. But right now, Adam just really needed a smoothie.

## Chapter Five

The women at the Tone Room tortured Adam, mostly unintentionally, as they gushed over his hair and nails. They all assumed he'd gotten extensions— no one could grow hair that fast— and that he'd done all this by choice. They all felt for him, as he was clearly identifying as female, taking girl classes, and now the hair and manicure.

Adam suffered through it all, politely thanking them, trying to hide his shame and just wishing they would STOP.

Lindsay, watching him do his squats, thought it was a shame he couldn't fit into her clothes. She was loving the idea now of Adam in a pair of short shorts and a flouncy tank top. Heading out after their workout, Lindsay had an inspiration. "You should come with me to get waxed tomorrow," she said.

"Waxed?"

"Yes. You'd be so sexy with smooth skin!"

"I don't know," Adam said, surprised at the suggestion.

"Oh, come on," Lindsay said. "Don't be a spoilsport."

"Okay, whatev," Adam said as he checked his phone, thinking he would find some way out of it. "Omigod!" He suddenly shrieked. "I can't even!"

"What is it?" Lindsay said, noticing he was using more and more girl slang.

"My assistant manager called in sick! I'm going to have to go to work— like this!"

"It'll be fine," Lindsay said, amused at the thought. She'd always been jealous of all the girls Adam hired, and she loved the idea of them all seeing him now with his blonde space buns.

"You look cute."

"I don't want to look cute!" Adam said, though he felt himself flush a little at the compliment. The weather was turning cold, and Adam couldn't help but notice a lot of the girls heading in and out of the gym were wearing Uggs.

*I do need some new shoes*, he thought as he slipped into the passenger seat. Lindsay had driven them that day. It had just seemed natural.

Adam's first thought was that he'd order some Uggs online, but as Lindsay drove them home, he realized he simply couldn't wait. He wanted and needed Uggs NOW. He had just enough time. Once they got home, he'd clean up, go shopping and grab a latte on the way to the bar.

Lindsay had her playlist going. It was Billie Elish, Beyonce, Ariana Grande. *Luv*, Adam thought, brushing his hair back from his face. But then, Taylor singing *Blank Space*.

“Turn it up!” Adam said, without even thinking. “I love this song!”

Lindsay looked at him out of the corner of her eyes. He was glowing. “Of course, you do,” she said, using the controls on the steering wheel to turn up the music. “Of course, you do.”

Courtney blew her nose, tossing the tissue into the wastebasket next to the couch. She stayed home from work. Felt terrible. Had a couple swigs of Dayquil. Her sickness had intensified her hate of Adam, so she took extra pleasure in watching the look on his girlfriend’s face as he confessed his love of Taylor Swift. Courtney had never met Lindsay and should have had no feelings toward her at all, but she had kind of hated her, anyway. Now, it made her feel good that she was also screwing Lindsay by turning her man into a bitch. And yet, Courtney had the strangest feeling that somehow Lindsay liked it? In any case, with Lindsay pushing Adam to get waxed, she’d become something of an ally.

Courtney’s cat, Tyger, crawled onto her lap and looked up at her, purring. “Hey, baby,” Courtney said, scratching him under the chin. “Mommy just doesn’t know what to do with stupid Adam next. You remember Adam?”

Tyger purred.

“What do you think I should do?”

Purr.

“Hmnmnm. I think I’ll wait and see. Perhaps I will get inspired.”

Adam lost his battle of wills with Lindsay’s panties, and as he drove to the mall, head dancing with thoughts of Uggs, he kept squirming as they were not exactly cut with room for his junk. *I wish my dick weren’t so big*, he thought, idly.

Courtney smiled and rubbed Tyger behind the ears. “Will wonders never cease.”

Adam’s package shrank and shrank. He didn’t notice exactly what had happened, but he sighed with relief the strain in his crotch lessened. Part of him was very excited he was wearing panties in public, and that no one but him would know.

Another, new part of him wished he was wearing low cut, hip-hugger jeans, so everyone would know.

Courtney heard that new part of him. “What a great idea,” she thought, as Adam’s jeans morphed into a pair of women’s hip huggers.

Once he arrived at Livingston and Rush, he hurried inside, checking the time on his phone. He had an hour. Plenty of time! He’d just grab a pair of Uggs and— omigod! He’d come to the shoe section, and there were so many different styles! Adam rushed to the wall full of Uggs. For

Adam, it was like he'd just discovered a new planet full of near limitless possibilities! He saw a one with a fur top and a pretty buckle, picked up the display and hugged it to his chest, rushing to the next, the next. Black with a bow on the back! Black with TWO bows on the back. Silver sequin! Brown with a polka dot bow on the side?

Two women who'd been trying on shoes watched Andy's shoe crazy frenzy, bemused.

A salesgirl, stifling a grin, came over. "Can I help you?" She said.

"Omigod, I hope so!" Adam gasped. "Help me pick the right Uggs."

"What are you looking for, exactly?"

"Something to make me feel complete," Adam said.

*Oh, boy*, the girl thought. *This is gonna be a long day.*

"Let me get you a pair to try on," the girl said. "What's your size?"

"Ten," Andy said.

Courtney made a wish, and his feet shrunk down.

The salesgirl looked down at Adam's dainty little feet and shook her head. "Let's measure. Just to be sure."

"Kay."

Adam sat down and kicked off his Nike's. He immediately saw that he now had what looked like a child's foot, and when the girl measured, she reported to him that his shoe size was a 6.5. "How can that be?" Andy said, not realizing that a 6.5 women's shoe was even smaller than a 6.5 men's. "I've always been a ten."

"People change," the girl said, thinking there was no way these dainty little feet had ever been near a ten. "Now, let me get you some shoes."

"Yes!" The thought of trying on some new Uggs drove all worries about his shrinking feet from Adam's shoe-crazed mind. He'd thought he would come in here and shop like a man. Grab a pair, hit the road. But Adam no longer had such focus, and an hour later, he found himself sitting amidst a sea of Uggs that scattered around the floor in front of him, while he turned his ankle this way and that, frowning as he tried to decide if he wanted this latest pair. "I don't know," he said. "I just— they're all so cute?"

"I don't think we're running out of shoes anytime soon," the girl said, getting impatient with this airhead. "Just, maybe, pick a pair for today? You can always come back tomorrow."

"Pick a pair? One pair?" Adam cackled like what the girl had said was utterly insane. "You must be joking?" He started grabbing all the essential Uggs he simply had to have. "I'll take all of these," he said, arms loaded with shoes. "Hopefully, they'll get me through the day!"

An exhausted and relieved Adam left the store, bags hanging from both arms, and one of his new pair of Uggs on his feet. *My first Uggs!* Adam thought, proudly. *And they are sooooo cute!*

Of course, he remained humiliated and ashamed of what he was becoming, but he just didn't have the energy to fight it right now.

Adam was already going to be late opening the bar but heading into work without his latte was not an option. He couldn't even. He headed into the SunFawns, eagerly anticipating his usual vanilla latte, but when he got to the counter his mouth fell open as he saw the sign: Pumpkin Season is Here.

"Can I help you?" The girl at the counter, Mandy, said.

"Oh. My. God. Pumpkin season! I need a pumpkin spice latte! It's been so long!"

"You got it," Mandy said, perplexed but also kind of impressed at this guy with the space buns. He was living out loud, and she could appreciate that. She picked up a marker and a cup. "Name?"

Courtney smiled. "And fate strikes again," she said to Tyger.

"A—" my name is, "A—" Adam found he couldn't say his name. Didn't want to say his name. No. He wasn't really Adam. Never had been. Such a silly name for a girl. She needed a name for a princess. Her favorite princess.

*No. No,* Adam shouted in his head. *Don't do this!* "K- " my name is, "Ka—" Adam strained to stop himself from saying that name, struggling to assert that he was Adam.

"Ka?" Mandy said. "A?" She was actually worried now, as the customer almost seemed to be having some kind of seizure. "Are you okay?"

"I'm Kate," Adam almost vomited. "Kate! My name is Kate!"

*I heard you the first time,* Mandy thought, but just smiled. "Your drink will be right up."

Adam went down to the end of the coffee bar. He brushed his hair away from his face, looked at his nails. *I'm Kate,* he thought. It was his name. *I used to be Adam, but now I'm Kate.* No, he tried to fight it. *I am— I am— I'm Kate.* He could no longer even think of himself as Adam. His drink came, the name Kate written on the side of the cup. It was like the universe was affirming his new name. *Kate?*

He picked it up and took a sip, the glorious flavors of pumpkin spice soothing him like a mother's touch. Omigod, he decided. What difference does it make what my name is as long as I have my latte?

Ramski stood at the door to Score, waiting. When he saw Adam get out of his car with his long blonde hair, girly boots, he just shook his head. *Men today*, he thought sourly. *I may have to find a new bar.*

Adam couldn't even look the other man in the eye. He just hurried to the door, keys out. His back turned, Ramski now saw Adam's low-cut jeans, the top of his pink panties and thong clearly visible. *I need to find a new bar*, Ramski repeated to himself. *But more, I need beer right now. Even if from girly man.*

The day was full of a mixture of discomfort and pride for Adam. He was not liking having that dental floss between his ass cheeks, and he felt exposed with those low rising jeans, constantly tugging on them, trying to pull them up. His hair style left long strands of hair to either side of his face, and he was forced to pull them away with delicate gestures and his long nails— gestures that he knew left him looking totally feminine.

When the girls arrived and they gathered for their usual opening shift team meeting, Adam found himself smothered in feminine compliments for his new hairstyle. But then, he felt compelled to make a big announcement. "Girls, you know, I would really love it if you would call me Kate from now on. Kay?"

The girls exchanged amused glances. Who was this man? "Sure?"

The team meeting broke up. Brandi approached Adam and touched his hair. "Kate is a really pretty name," she said. Then added, "I'm proud of you."

"Thanks?" Adam said, wishing he could crawl in a hole and die.

What was there to do? He got back behind the bar and started pouring drinks. He was getting used to working with the limitations created by his long nails and was actually almost able to forget his freakish new life.

Courtney, for her part, still sick and wanting to take it out on Adam, was pondering her next move. Should I give him tits? She wondered. Ass? Maybe both?

But then, a big, bald nasty looking dude burst through the door. He walked right up to the bar, took one look at Adam and said, “You gay?”



“Hey,” Adam said. “None of that in here. This is a safe space.”

“And what are you going to do about it, faggot?” The man said, looking at Adam’s long blonde hair, his nails.

“So much inspiration tonight,” Courtney said to herself.

Adam had dealt with more than a few assholes in his time running the bar, and he knew just how to deal with it. He grabbed the baseball bat he kept behind the bar and came around, confronting the man, chest to chest. He would demand the man leave. Lowering his voice, he said, “Get the fuck out of my bar!” His eyes went wide as he heard himself say the words, but in the high-pitched voice of a little girl.



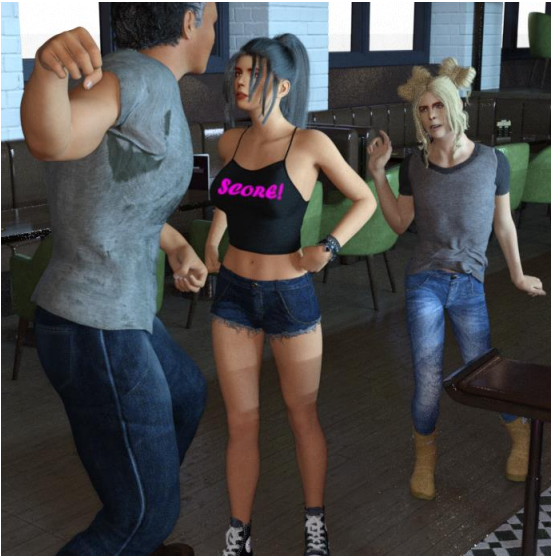
“Get out of my bar!” The man said, imitating Adam’s squeak. “Fuck you.” He stepped forward and went to push Adam, who raised his bat. The man was slightly taller than Adam, bigger, but that didn’t intimidate him at all. He’d dealt with bigger aholes.

Suddenly, Adam felt himself shrinking, getting smaller and smaller, until he now only came up to the man’s lower chest. He stared up at the man, even as he noticed the arm gripping the bat was now slender, soft and round. Adam took a step back. “I’ll... I’ll...”

“You won’t do shit!” The man said, grabbing Adam’s bat and easily wrenching it from his hands, throwing it to the side.

Adam made a high-pitched shout of fright. He couldn't help it!

Which is when Brandi stepped in between him and the brute. She planted her hands on her hips and said, "Walk away, asshole!" She was so fierce! And, despite her small size, the man



backed away.

"Okay, okay," he said, casting one more contemptuous look at Adam as he headed for the door.

Adam immediately burst into tears. Covering his face. Brandi gathered his slender little body into her arms and then led him to the back office. Adam sat, turning away as she sobbed. "I'm sorry," he said. "I can't stop crying!"

"You need a good cry, Kate," Brandi said, patting his hand. "Let it out, sister."

Permission was all Adam needed as he now sobbed freely, ugly crying as he found himself pouring out to Brandi all that he was feeling, all the changes that had happened not just to his body, but to his mind. He confessed his obsession with Kate Middleton, his newfound love of Taylor Swift and pumpkin flavored everything...

"It's okay," Brandi said. "You don't have to be ashamed. A lot of girls are basic."

Adam had no choice but to stay on, his assistant manager being out. But, once the tears had stopped and his eyes got less puffy, he headed back out to the bar and went to work. Adam was now 5' 6" and shaped like a pre-teen girl. Leggy, with tiny little arms and small, round shoulders, a long slender neck, and a slight curve to his hips. Everything behind the bar now seemed too high, too far, and he found himself working on his tippy toes trying to reach things.

Ramski, who would never be known for his sensitivity, teased. "You sure you old enough to work bar? Maybe you should sell Girl Scout Cookies."

"Shut. Up!" Adam said in his tiny little voice, sounding and looking exactly like someone who was too young to be working at a bar.

"Maybe you need ladder to reach the high shelf! How are things in the Smurf Village anyway? Is Papa Smurf really old pervert?"

"I can't even," Adam said, shaking his head. "I can't!"

But he did.



## Chapter Six

It was a condition of the Ex-Husband magic that other people accepted the impossibility of the changes that occurred to the subjects. So, while they sometimes wondered or rationalized how such a thing was possible, they always just adjusted to accept it. And so it was that when Lindsay first laid eyes on the skinny little thing Adam had become, she was more pleased than shocked. She hugged him immediately, then put a hand to his cheek while playing with his hair. They were now the same height, and she looked directly into his eyes. His face looked younger and more feminine, with softer features and a more rounded chin. “You’re so cute,” Lindsay said, taking in his tiny arms, thinking, *I could totally kick his ass now.*

“I don’t want to be cute!” Adam said in his tea kettle voice, sounding like a petulant teenager.

“Your voice!” Lindsay said, giggling.

Adam’s face sank, and he turned, meaning to run to the bedroom and slam the door.

Lindsay grabbed his arm, and almost yanked him off his feet as she pulled him back. “I’m sorry!” She said, “It’s just so—” she almost said cute again— “sweet. I love it! It’s totally you.”

“Me?”

“It’s you. So you.”

Adam didn’t know if that was a good or bad thing, but he didn’t have time to think about it.

Lindsay took him by the hand and led him toward the bedroom. “Let’s have some fun,” she said.

An aching, sore and conflicted Adam woke the next day, pulling up the black bra strap that had slid off his little shoulder and pulling the hair out of his face. His lips were tacky from his lipstick, and his vision of the world framed by his eyelash extensions.

Fuck. Memories of his makeover and then first pegging came back to him, along with the aching in his backside. Lindsay had been like a totally different person, pushing him, twisting his arm, pounding him, and he’d been like a totally different person. He’d fought, mostly just so he could lose— she was so much stronger than him now— and the whole thing had been disgustingly humiliating. The thing that disturbed Adam now was how much he’d loved being humiliated. It made no sense to him to feel so— thrilled— to feel shame, degradation, and yet— Oh! It had been heaven!

Adam started to put up his hair. He’d been with women just like him; the ones who wanted, needed to be — put down in the bedroom. His ex-wife Courtney had been one, a much different woman in and out of the sack.

*She was so basic,* Adam thought as he wove his hair into a space bun.

By the time Adam got done doing his hair, Lindsay was sitting up, stretching. “Morning, beautiful,” she said, a little smile playing at her lips as she remembered their night together. Adam had been so sweet and submissive. She’d never wanted that in a man before. Of course, looking at Adam with his skinny little body, long blonde hair, he wasn’t much of a man, anymore, was he?

“Morning, handsome,” Adam answered, raising his voice to an even higher pitch.

Adam, for his part, was losing a battle that had begun some days ago. It embarrassed him to ask, to reveal this latest failure to man, but he was so small now, none of his clothes would fit. What choice did he have? “Um, so,” he said, fiddling with his hair. “Can I borrow some of your clothes? I mean, nothing I have will fit?”

Lindsay covered her mouth to keep from laughing, a gesture mirrored by an exhausted Courtney, who’d watched Adam take it like a bitch the night before and had barely slept. Gathering herself, Lindsay said, “Of course! Help yourself.”

“It’s not like I’m a cross-dresser,” Adam lied, as he most certainly was. He’d mocked guys who liked to cross-dress his whole life, thought of them as the worst sissies. It agonized him that he’d become one of them.

“Of course not,” Lindsay said, echoing his lie, but deciding to jab him a little.. “It’s just that you have a girl’s body now.”

“Well, I don’t know...”

“Adam, you have a girl’s body.”

Adam huffed, tossed his hair and said, “I prefer to be called Kate.”

Adam wanted to wear a pair of Lindsay’s nylon short shorts, but pre-waxing and with no time to shave his legs, he opted for a pair of leggings and a black, racerback tank top that read “cute but psycho!” across the chest.

Lindsay, for her part, loved the way Adam looked in her clothes. The leggings showed off his long, round, coltish legs, and much to her amusement his junk had gotten so small that it actually looked like he had a mound down there— just like a woman.

At the gym, his new girlfriends obsessed over Adam’s new look, especially his pretty little arms. They just couldn’t get over how tiny and feminine they were, and of course, those gorgeous legs! Adam had never wanted small arms and had spent his adult life pumping iron to get big, thick biceps. The fact that he had smaller arms than most of these women was no point of pride for him, and yet, when the class had been instructed to pick up some dumbbells to work out their arms, he’d chosen the tiniest little pink ones, struggling with the dread that he might— gasp!-- put on any muscle.



These days Adam was only concerned about his tummy, ass and legs, but he did want his pretty arms to be toned.

*Hmmmmn,* Courtney thought, watching Adam working out with his little weights. Yes. *Time for another change.*

Adam liked to watch himself working out, while also checking out the other girls in the mirror, seeing what styles

they were wearing, what they were doing with their hair. Today, though, as he looked, he began to notice the swell of their breasts for the first time in days, the round shape, the way they filled out their sports bras. He was not looking at them as a man, however, he was feeling jealous.

*I wish I had breasts,* he thought. His flat chest was boring and embarrassing. He wondered if the next day he should wear a bra, stuff the cups so he could have a nice figure, too.

*Oh, don't worry,* Courtney thought, amused. *You'll have your own titties soon enough!*

She could have given Adam a really nice set of tits right then and there, of course, but she wanted him to spend a day or two agonizing over his flat chest, wishing for his breasts. It was a right of passage for every girl as she became a woman.

After the gym, Lindsay drove the two of them to the waxing studio. She hopped out of the car, only to turn around and see Adam— Kate— she reminded herself— sitting in the passenger seat, a terrified look on his face. She walked around to the other side of the car and tapped on the window, which Adam rolled down.

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” she said, misreading the situation. “Lots of um—guys— get waxed these days.”

“It’s not that,” Adam admitted. “I’m so hairy! I don’t want anyone to see me.”

Omigod, Lindsay thought. Of course. “Open the door, and let’s go.”

“I can’t.”

“Oprah says, the ‘Only way past, is through. The only way to get where you want to be, is to own where you are.’”

“Oprah said that?” Adam said, impressed. Oprah was everything. She was so wise!

“Oprah said that.”

Adam was powerless to defy any advice that came from Oprah. He made a tiny fist and said, “Let’s do this!” He sounded like a teeny-bopper cheerleader, urging on her team, and Lindsay pictured him in the bedroom, dressed in a little cheerleader outfit.

*I bet I could get him one cheap online,* she thought.

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Adam wiggled out of Lindsay's clothes and climbed onto the table. He felt so ashamed of his disgusting body, his flat ass. He didn’t even think about the fact he was wearing a pair of panties. The girl came in, immediately shocked by all the hair she was going to have to remove, but she was a professional and greeted her client warmly. “Hey, Kate,” she said.

“Hey,” Adam said, his voice higher and buzzier than the young woman’s. Just so you know, and maybe it doesn’t matter, but this is my first time? Getting waxed, I mean.”

*No kidding,* the girl thought. “Don’t worry,” the girl said. “I’ll be gentle.”

Lindsay, in the room next door, smiled as she listened to Adam squeal and scream while he got smooth. Ha!

She got done much sooner and smiled as a clearly frazzled Adam stepped out of the room, thanking the girl with a big, bright smile. “How was it?” She asked.

“Oh, not bad,” Adam lied. “I mean, it’s just wax.”

“Sure,” Lindsay said as she went to pay. Pulling her wallet out of her purse, she handed the bag to Adam. “Hold my purse,” she said.

Adam took the bag, looking sheepish, holding it with both hands a little away from his body. Courtney grinned.

Adam slipped the purse over his little shoulder, looking down at it, smiling. It was such a pretty bag- leather, in an eggshell white color with gold clasps. I love purses, he realized,

suddenly, both horrified and annoyed and happy. He really needed to get one— or maybe two. Or three!

Lindsay thought Adam looked adorable with a purse, so she handed him her wallet. He slipped it into the purse and followed her out the door, his hair swishing from side to side. He felt so light and free now, his whole-body smooth, his clothes flowing against his silky skin. “What a relief!” He said as he slipped into the car, setting the purse on the floor in front of him. “I feel so much better.”

“Be honest,” Lindsay said as she started the car and turned on their favorite playlist. “It hurt like hell.”

“It did!” Adam admitted. “But it was so worth it! I felt so disgusting with all that gross hair! I looked like an ape!”

When they got home, Lindsay noticed that Adam slung her purse over his shoulder and carried it into the house without a second thought. She thought maybe she’d buy him one for his birthday.

Lindsay had taken a half day, so she gave Adam a peck on the cheek and headed off to work. Adam, with an hour before he needed to head out for his latte run and then to work, had a little less than an hour to pick out an outfit for the day, and he spent all of it going through Lindsay’s dresser and her side of the closet. Her clothes were all cute, if a little big on him, but nothing looked right! Not with his flat chest and stupid boney ass.



There was nothing for his ass, but he could do something about his embarrassing chest. He struggled his way into one of Lindsay’s bras and stuffed the cups with his old socks. Looking at himself in the mirror, the little pink straps over his shoulders, the rise of the cups, he felt relieved and pleased to see a nice, rounded chest now appearing to swell prettily in front of him. The bra had stiff cups, and they held a pleasing, feminine shape even just stuffed with socks, though he was still much smaller than he wanted.



*I'll probably have to get implants one of these days,* he thought, making a mental note to start doing research.

He pulled on a flouncy sweater, and once more examined himself. Yes. His chest now had a sweet, round shape, and in the sweater, it actually looked pretty natural. The sweater was pretty, and it hung down over the back of his jeans, so it hid his shameful behind from the world. All he needed to do was slip into another member of his wonderful Uggs collection

and— hmmm. He had no pockets.

He went to the closet. Lindsay had four purses, and she'd taken that adorable white one one with her. He spotted a black purse that would go with his outfit, and threw his wallet and keys into it, slipping it over his shoulder. Checking himself out in the mirror, he teased his hair, checked his nails, and headed off for another day at the bar.

When Adam arrived at SunFawn's, he had his shoulders back, chest out. He was really proud of his outfit, his fake breasts, and the purse he set on the bar as he prepared to make his order. "I don't even have to ask," Mandy said, writing "Kate" on the side of a paper cup. "Pumpkin Spice latte, skim milk coming right up."

"Omigod," Adam said, giggling. "Am I really that basic?"

"It's not a crime," Mandy said.

As Adam waited for his latte, he pulled out his phone and sent a barrage of texts. He'd been making friends with the girls from the gym as well as Brandi, and he used his long nails to expertly tap out message after message to all his new besties. All he could ever think to send were emojis— rainbows, unicorns, smiling faces. He mostly just sent back variations of whatever the girls sent to him. He had no idea what any of it even meant!

When his latte came, Adam took a sip and sighed with relief. He didn't even know how he had ever gotten through a day without a latte.

Courtney made Adam's face prettier and more feminine, then decided to leave him as he was for the night. She absolutely loved seeing him put on a bra, stuff it, and the excited and satisfied look on his face as he admired his feminine shape. It was too perfect. Her dumb, arrogant ex-hubby was now obsessed with having a woman's figure. And that voice?

But, she didn't want it to be over too soon, and she wanted him to suffer more. She wanted to see him in person, the new him, and she wanted to rub it in his face how much she'd taken from him. She got out her phone, intending to text him, but she couldn't find him in her contacts. There was no Adam Silver. *Did I delete him and forget?* She wondered. She was about to get out the scrying stone and plant the idea in his mind to call her, when she spotted it on her phone: Catherine Elizabeth Middleton! Adam now had the same name as his favorite princess, and Courtney's phone had altered the contact to match the new reality.

Hmmm. It seemed the universe was changing, she realized, to accommodate the new, improved Adam— or, rather, Catherine, who wanted s badly to be just like his favorite princess! Giggling to herself, Courtney thought it might be cute if Adam became obsessed with finding a prince. But, not yet.

## Chapter Seven

Adam arrived at work, purse in the crook of one arm, latte in hand, He struggled to pull the door open– it was so heavy! Or was it that he was so small? Or both? *Puzzler*, he thought, his phone buzzing with more text alerts.

Adam was once again late opening the bar. It had taken simply forever to choose an outfit, and he'd been slowed down in his pre-opening set up by the need to answer texts. Courtney wanted to see him for some reason, so he texted back- K. *What does she want now*, he wondered? He couldn't even!

Ramski showed, bleary and needing a beer. "Hey pipsqueak," he said as he sat down. "How are Doc and Grumpy?"

"Haha," Adam giggled. He kinda liked it now when Ramski teased him about his diminutive stature.

That night, Courtney did leave him be, but that didn't mean Adam's night was suffering free. He ached with jealousy as he looked at Brandi's body– those big, firm breasts, the plump rear and wide hips. It was true that Kate, herself, was quite lean, and Adam mostly certainly loved being skinny, but he also wanted *curves*. Now, faced with the sight of these real women and their real bodies, his pride in his fake breasts melted away, replaced by soul crushing shame.

At one point, feeling a crying spell coming on, he ran to the office, closed the door and let them roll down his cheeks. He had so many feels! He wanted to be a girl, he wanted to be a man, he loved being little and cute, he hated being little and cute.

Brandi, having seen the tears bubbling up in Adam's stricken face, found a moment to come back and check on him. He was such an emotional girl! "You okay," she asked, finding Adam with tears pouring down, but his phone in his hand as he texted through the tears.

"You okay?" Brandi said.

"Yes," Adam said. "I just seem to cry all the time for no reason these days."

"I told you before," Brandi said. "Sometimes a girl needs a good cry."

Girl. She'd called him a girl, and Adam– didn't mind? "I sure do," he admitted, even his willingness to talk about his feelings being a huge change.

"Hey. I have an idea. Let's have a girl's night out!" Brandi said, excited.

"What does that involve?" Adam asked. It seemed like another big step into the female world to him, though he was beginning to realize he was taking that journey whether he wanted to or not.



“I’ll pick you up Tuesday at 5,” Brandi said. “And you’ll find out.”

“Sounds good,” Adam said. The bar was slow on Tuesday. It would be fine. And what, he wondered, would girl’s night out involve? He thought about his days not so long ago as a guy, women showing up at the bar in pairs and groups. “Wait,” he said. “This isn’t going involve clubbing?”

“You’ll have to wait and see,” Brandi said, “but you should definitely wear something sexy.”

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Courtney had arranged to meet Adam at SunFawn’s, and she’d found a table in the corner with a view of the door. When Adam arrived, a young man held the door for him, and Adam smiled brightly, though he looked a little embarrassed. “Thanks,” he said.

Seeing him in person was so much more gratifying than seeing him through the stone. He was so tiny now! He had a purse, and he was wearing a long, flowing sweater and a pair of clam digger jeans that celebrated his long, sexy legs. Of course, as the basic bitch he was becoming, he’d slipped into a pair of his beloved Uggs. Courtney noticed the mounds on his chest, loving that even when he was coming to meet his ex-wife, the flatty patty shame she’d implanted was too great for him to leave the house without a stuffed bra. Skinny as could be,



with his long blonde hair and pretty space buns, he looked like nothing so much as a teen girl. He paused at the entrance, scanning the room, getting on his tiptoes to try and see over all the tall people around him.

He spotted Courtney and smiled, waved.

Walking over, he slipped his purse onto the chair back and slid into the chair in one, graceful and fluid motion. “Hi,” he chirped in his silly little girl voice.

Courtney pretended to be surprised as she looked him over. “Adam? Your voice! Is that really

you?” She said.

"It is," Adam said, blushing. Facing his ex-wife like this was embarrassing, even as he found himself envying her nice breasts. "But I prefer to be called Kate now."

Courtney chuckled. "Kate? Really?"

"Kate," Adam said. "I know it may seem weird?"

"Not really," Courtney said. "I always felt like deep down inside you were just a basic bitch."

"Basic?" Adam squealed. "I'm not – well, I may be a little basic now, but this is all the result of some kind of weird karmic payback, or a spell or a– curse?" The realization suddenly struck him, or the suspicion, that maybe Courtney had been behind this all along.

The feral smile on her face, the glee in her eyes, confirmed the accuracy of his feminine intuition.

"You!" He said, leaning forward, whispering. "You did this to me!"

"You were always making fun of me for being basic, *girlfriend*, and now you're the most basic bitch the world has ever known."

"How?" Adam said. "Why? Well, you just told me why, so forget that part of the conversation. So, like, anyway, turn me back!"

"You don't really want to be turned back, do you, Katie? I mean, this," she gestured at his body, "must be the universe telling you something, right?"



"Well, true?" Adam said. "I mean, the universe– No! Stop using my basicness against me!"

"Let me give you a choice to consider. I can turn you back, or I can give you the tits and ass you've been dreaming of."

"As if," Adam sat back. "Do you actually think— wait. Breasts? My own breasts? Real breasts?"

"Big, perky breasts, and ass to die for."

Adam sat back as he struggled with the decision. He was a man, or had been a man. He'd hated these changes! And yet– and yet– No. No.

Demand she turn you back! She made you want to look like a girl. You never wanted to have your own tits! And yet– He bit his lip and started twisting a lock of hair around his finger.

“What’ll it be, doll?”

Adam closed his eyes. He couldn’t fight it. “Breasts. Ass. Please! I need them to be happy.”

“*There* you are my little basic bitch!”

“If I’m basic, it’s because you made me this way!”

“I know.”

“Is that it?” Adam said, huffing, blowing air at his bangs.

“Abracad–bra,” Courtney said, though the words were unnecessary, and Adam felt his ass spreading, swelling, even as his chest grew warm and he felt the budding of his new breasts swelling, filling the cups of his bra.

“Oh!” Adam said, thrilled as he felt the weight of breasts, looked down and saw the swelling of real breasts, *his breasts!* filling his bra, which was far too small and too tight.. “Thank you,” he couldn’t help but gush, he was so happy.



Courtney burst out laughing. People looked and stared as Adam cupped and lifted his boobs, giggling and ecstatic, like he’d just been named Miss Universe. The crowd at the bar looked on, amazed and amused at this little female grabbing her breasts like that

in public. More than a few of the women figured the girl was showing off her new bust after getting a boob job, and, well, they had to admit her puppies looked good!

It was glorious for Courtney to have her ex-husband beg her to give him his own breasts, especially when she'd offered him the choice- though it wasn't a real choice- to be a man again instead. Poor Adam. He had no idea the backaches he would be dealing with now.

Adam, in what now seemed a constant state of conflict, confusion and anxiety, stood and threw a hand on his hip. "Well, you may think you've won, but just remember something—" he slit his eyes and sneered, "nothing happens to me. Everything happens for me! Oprah said that, so I know it's true." With that he spun and started marching toward the door, his hands clenched in tiny fists.

"Katie?" Courtney called after him, arms wrapped around her gut as she laughed at his little display.

Adam thought he should have kept marching out, but he stopped and turned, hand once more on his hip. "What? Bitch?"

"Don't forget your purse."

"Oh." *Damn*, Adam thought, his big, dramatic exit had been ruined. "Well, thank you for that," he said, walking back and getting his bag, slipping it over his shoulder, turning, sticking his nose in the air and marching out.

Once he left the cafe and took shelter in his car, Adam endured another crying spell. Tears of joy, shame, loss and revitalization. He texted Brandi. He had to share the news with her: I got my boobies!

Brandi, seeing the text, wasn't sure she understood it. Was he referring to the way he'd been stuffing his bra? She shrugged and sent back a steam of smiley faces and rainbows. She was really excited for their girls' night and her plans for Kate.

Adam wiped his tears, careful not to jab himself in the eye with his talons.

When the waitresses arrived at the bar that night, Adam proudly greeted them wearing a matching uniform— a camisole that was at least two sizes too small, the word *Score!* Stretched across his D cups, and a pair of little Daisy Dukes that rugged his big, plump ass like a second skin. Brandi and the other girls couldn't help but wonder if his new melons were real. If they weren't, Brandi thought, they were the most realistic looking fake boobs she'd ever seen.



Adam could sense the other girls checking him out, and he felt so proud as he realized that they were the ones who were jealous now! He tossed his hair, smiling. "Let's have a great night!" He said, turning and walking back to the bar, putting a little extra swing in his hips.

"You have body like Russian woman now," Ramski said, making the curvy gesture with his hands.

"Thanks?" Adam said, raising an eyebrow, not sure if it was a compliment.

"It is good," he said. "Tells man you make good the babies."

"Babies?" Adam hooked a strand of hair behind his ear.

“Yah, yah,” Ramski said. “Those big hips, the baby just pops out like no problems.”

Adam’s face turned a deep scarlet, and his mouth fell open.

Brandi bailed him out, taking his arm and leading him away. “I need to borrow Katie for a sec,” she said. “Girl stuff.”



“Okay, buyee!” Adam said.

“Thanks!” Adam whispered, as soon as they got out of Ramski’s hearing range. “That was getting weird.”

The night would get weirder an hour later when a regular, Paul, a kind of chubby, balding middle-aged man came up and leaned on the bar. “Kate.”

“Yeah?” Adam said, going over and leaning on the bar as well, his breasts resting on the wooden surface.

“I normally never do this, but can I get your number? I’d like to take you out some time.”

“Oh!” Adam said, surprised. A guy had never asked him out before! “Um...”

Once more, Brandi came to the rescue, stepping next to Adam and putting a hand on his back. “She’s taking a break from dating right now.”

“Yes!” Adam gasped. “That’s— I don’t mean to be rude, because I am flattered—”

“No problem,” Paul said. “Just a thought.” He stood. It was all part of the game. “When you get ready to date again, let me know.” He made a show of checking his Rolex. He knew women loved a guy with money.

“Kay!” As soon as he was gone, Adam and Brandi put their heads together. “You keep saving me!” He whispered, giggling.

“Gotta protect my BFF,” Brandi said.

It was only the start. Three more guys asked Adam for his number that night, and one suggested the two of them go out back and fuck. The guys hitting on him? It was kinda cute, but the last one had made him feel gross. In any case, Adam spent the whole night blushing. Courtney was loving it. She’d thought about making it so he couldn’t say no when a guy asked him out, but she liked the flustered, red faced, I can’t believe this is happening Adam just fine. She still believed that changing him too much would ruin the fun. There had to always be some old Adam left to suffer, though she was pretty sure she was going to make him crave dick before the end.

After closing, as they cleaned up and got ready to head home, Brandi and Adam chatted. “Well, someone sure is popular with the boys,” Brandi said.

“Omigod!” Adam said, rolling his eyes. “Was there something in the beer tonight? What got into all those guys?” Adam shrugged, making his boobs bounce.

“Um, you’re joking right?”

“Joking?”

“With *those* missiles,” Brandi said, gesturing at his rack, “you are going to get hit on all the time now, babe.”



“Oh! These?” Adam looked down at his breasts and then made a *I’m so silly* face. “Of course! I didn’t even think about that when I—” he was about to say, asked for them, but he didn’t want Brandi to know he’d wanted breasts so badly, in part to be more like her.

“They’re a blessing and a curse,” Brandi said.

*A blessing and a curse.*

Adam realized he was going to have to get used to a lot more male attention now. It was kind of annoying, and yet, at the same time, it made him feel desired, and —powerful? “Men,” he said, shaking his head. “Are so shallow.”

“And we love them for it,” Brandi said.



“Yes, we do,” Erin chimed in from across the room.

## Chapter 8

As Tuesday and the big girls' night out approached, Adam received texts with instructions. He was to wear a nice dress, heels, and he was to let his hair down. Luv the space buns, the text read, but not Tuesday. Adam had never worn a dress or heels, but he wanted to please Brandi so he went to the closet and started looking through Lindsay's dresses— no, no, cute, but Kate would never be caught dead in that... no...

Courtney was watching her ex look for a dress to wear, thinking she really should probably get a life one of these days, when she decided to do him a little favor. The next dress Adam looked at— “OMIGOD!” Adam put a hand to his chest. “An Alexander McQueen Leaf Midi Pencil Dress,” he whispered. He'd seen a picture of The Princess wearing this exact same dress!

Adam's heart raced as he slipped the dress from the hanger, then stepped into it, pulling it up the length of his body. He hurried to the mirror, and he was cray cray. He looked and felt so feminine and pretty! “I'm a princess,” he said, giggling, turning to check out his profile, proud of how well he filled out that dress. His tits and ass were amazing.

He slipped out of the dress and carefully hung it back up, picking another one to wear while he practiced.

He slipped into a pair of pumps, and found himself wobbling as he tried to walk across a room, his ankles constantly bending. That wouldn't do at all, so he went to YouTube and started watching, “How to Walk in High Heels” videos, and practicing, practicing, practicing!

Courtney, of course, could have gifted him the ability to walk in heels, but watching Mr. Bro wobbling, his pretty face twisted intensely as he struggled to master heels, was too fun. Adam was so absorbed with his ever so important new task, he lost track of time, and when he finally glanced at the clock he screamed. He was running late again!

Adam was a whirlwind of anxious fretting as he raced to change, get into his work clothes, primp his hair, grab his purse and run out the door on his way to SunFawn's. “Latte me!” He begged as he reached the counter. “Stat!”

Mandy already had Kate's cup ready. “Nice,” she said, looking at the swell of his impressive bust.

“Thanks!” Adam said, hooking a strand of hair behind his ear. It was good to have boobage!

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“Zip me up?” Adam said Tuesday, turning his back and smiling over his shoulder at Lindsay.

“Sure, babe,” Lindsay said, zipping up her one-time boyfriend and kissing him on the neck. She couldn’t think of Adam as her boyfriend anymore. He was another girl, albeit one she played around with in the sack. “You look great,” she said, knowing how insecure Adam had become, even though he was gorgeous.

“Thanks?” Adam said, frowning. “Is my hair okay?” He’d never worn it down and had done his best to style it based off a picture of Kate.

“Your hair is on fleek,” Lindsay said.

Adam’s phone buzzed. Ten minutes out, Brandi’s text read. Don’t keep me waiting.

“I better go,” Adam said.

“Have fun!” Lindsay found herself feeling jealous of how pretty he looked, and why didn’t he invite her on his little girls’ night?

Adam waited near the entrance, but away from the street. He worried that if waited on the corner some guy might mistake him for a working girl. His reputation was so important! He saw Brandi’s car pull up to the curb, and he hurried out, making a small, feminine wave.

Brandi, seeing Adam in his dress and heels, hair down, a little clutch purse in his hand, nodded. He was really looking good. She couldn’t wait!

“The mall?” Adam asked as they pulled into The Estate Galleria.

“Come on,” Brandi said. They got out of the car and started walking together. “By the way,” Brandi said. “You are great in heels.”

“I can’t tell you the hours and aching calves that went into that!”

“I bet. Now, let’s do something about those ears.”

“Ears?”

“You’re getting them pierced, girl. Come on.”

“So fun!” Adam chirped. He had, in fact, been feeling quite inadequate lately as he’d never had his ears pierced, and he was sick with envy at all those girls who had pretty earrings. He’d just never found the time, or the nerve.

Courtney had added that little detail, and now she added another.

Prince and Company had a salon right inside their store, and Adam glowed with pride and excitement as his ears were pierced— three times on each side! But the real excitement began when the two went to the jewelry cases and he looked upon the glittering rows of pretty earrings, bracelets, rings and necklaces. “Omigod,” Adam gasped as his heart fluttered. “I love jewelry!” He was announcing it to himself as another new compulsion overtook him.

“Of course, you do,” Brandi said, not in the least surprised. “Pick out something pretty.”

“I,” Adam said, voice hoarse, “want *all* of it!”

It was all Brandi could do to drag Adam away from the jewelry department, but she had more plans, and soon they were both sitting on beautician's chairs. Adam had his hands in his lap and was listening intently as the stylist applied foundation, providing him with so many vital beauty tips! When she'd finished and he saw himself in the mirror, all made up for the first time, Adam squealed. One thing he knew for sure; he would never leave the house again without

putting on his face.

"I don't have any makeup," he confessed to the girl, blushing in shame, though his blushing was now hidden. "Tell me what I need!"

Once more, Brandi came to the rescue, as Adam wanted every lipstick in every color, every mascara, every shade of eyeshadow. "Okay, sister, okay. Calm down. You can't buy it all right now."

"Why not?" Adam asked, forlorn at the thought he might not have just the right eyeshadow for any occasion.

"Because you can't carry it!" Brandi said.

"Oh. Right," Adam said, and then adding some vocal fry, "I never even thought of that. *Omigod.*"

Next, they made their way to Napoli, an elegant Italian restaurant near the mall. Adam and Brandi, gorgeous and all dolled up, got a lot of attention. The waiter never stopped flirting, and Adam never stopped giggling and playing with his hair. They each ordered salads, white wine. Adam couldn't help but notice how pretty Brandi looked in the soft, candlelight, but he no longer had any desire for her. He was just happy that his friend was so pretty and sweet.

"And now, the grand finale," Brandi said when they finished with their meal.

"Not a club?" Adam said. "I so don't want to go to a club."

"Methinks the girly doth protest too much," Brandi said, thinking Adam probably did want to go clubbing. "But, no. We'll save that for another time."

"So what, then?"

"Come on and find out."



A few hours later, tears poured down Adam's cheeks as the closing credits for *The Notebook* rolled across the big screen TV in Brandi's apartment. His mascara was running. Brandi was crying, too, and the girls hugged and cried together.

Adam had just discovered his new, favorite movie.

A week later, he asked Lindsay if she wanted to watch *The Notebook* with him. "I need a good cry," he admitted.

"Of course you do," Lindsay said, patting him on the hand. "Of course you do."

## Chapter Nine

### One Year Later.

“Welcome, everyone to the Grand Opening!” Adam squealed, standing on the street in front of his newly remodeled bar. Spotlights, which had been circling in the sky above, now turned and focused on the glowing sign above the door. It read “Pretty.”



The whole sports bar thing had come to seem so drab to Adam, so he'd decided to rebrand to something more feminine. I mean, of course, he pretended to be interested in sports. Didn't every girl? Guys liked that. But, really, he didn't like inviting his friends to come to his bar the

way it was, and he'd wanted to get rid of the sour old drunks like Ramski. They were not good for business!

One of the new, pretty boy waiters Adam had hired to work along with his girls held the door, and Adam led the gushing crowd into the new space. They were all young, attractive, girls from the gym, his yoga studio, his book club, friends of friends of friends from social media. His compulsive posting to Instagram had paid off! And of course, where there were girls, there were boys!

Inside, the bar was now all soft lights, pastels, small tables and little booths. Taylor Swift was jamming on the sound system, the DJ in the corner bopping her head to the beats.

"Luv!" A random girl screamed at Adam as she and her friends found a booth.

Adam made heart hands. He'd never been so proud of himself! There was only one slight shadow on his perfect night. The contractors had been a week late getting things ready, and the opening had been delayed. He'd timed it so perfectly, and now?

Brandi, who now served as the hostess, saw Adam step away from the customers he'd been greeting. He made a slight grimace, turning his head away so no one would see it, and he gingerly put a hand to his tummy. "Red Wedding?" She whispered.

Adam nodded. "I'll be right back."

The ladies' rooms— Adam had added a second— it was so unfair that girls always had to wait in long lines when they went out— were pretty and elegant, and well stocked with feminine protection supplies. Adam took care of business, pulling his panties up and shimmying his dress back down. When he came out of the stall, he saw Lindsay at the mirror, touching up her lipstick.

"Hey girl!" Adam said, smiling brightly as he joined her at the mirror, fishing a lipstick out of his clutch purse and doing the same.

"Hey. bitch," Lindsay said. Seeing Adam there, puckering his lips, she still couldn't get over how much Adam had changed. Once the girls had finished primping, they hugged and exchanged air kisses, careful not to mess up each other's makeup.

"Luv the club," Lindsay said. "It's gonna be the new hot spot!"

"I hope so," Adam said, always with the feminine modesty. "Brandi helped a lot with the designs."

They started toward the door. "How are things with Tommy?"

"Ugh," Adam said. "Over, and it's Grant now." He seemed to have a different boyfriend every month, but Brandi kept reminding him he would have to kiss a lot of toads until he found his prince!

“Grant? Like Hugh Grant?”

“But cuter,” Adam said. Feminine modesty had no place when a girl was talking about her man. Adam knew everyone was judging him based on the guy he was with. He had two qualities he looked for in a man: hot and rich.

Lindsay broke off, and Adam took a moment to look over his club, to glance at himself in the mirror. He really, truly believed Princess Kate would love it here, and he secretly dreamed that she would pop in one day, though as a mom and royalty? Well, a girl could dream? He’d settle for Taylor Swift or maybe Oprah.

Adam decided he really wanted a pumpkin martini, and he went to the bar and made one. As he stirred the drink, his long nails sparkling, he smiled and thought, “Omigod. I am sooooo basic.”





## Bonus Pics!







